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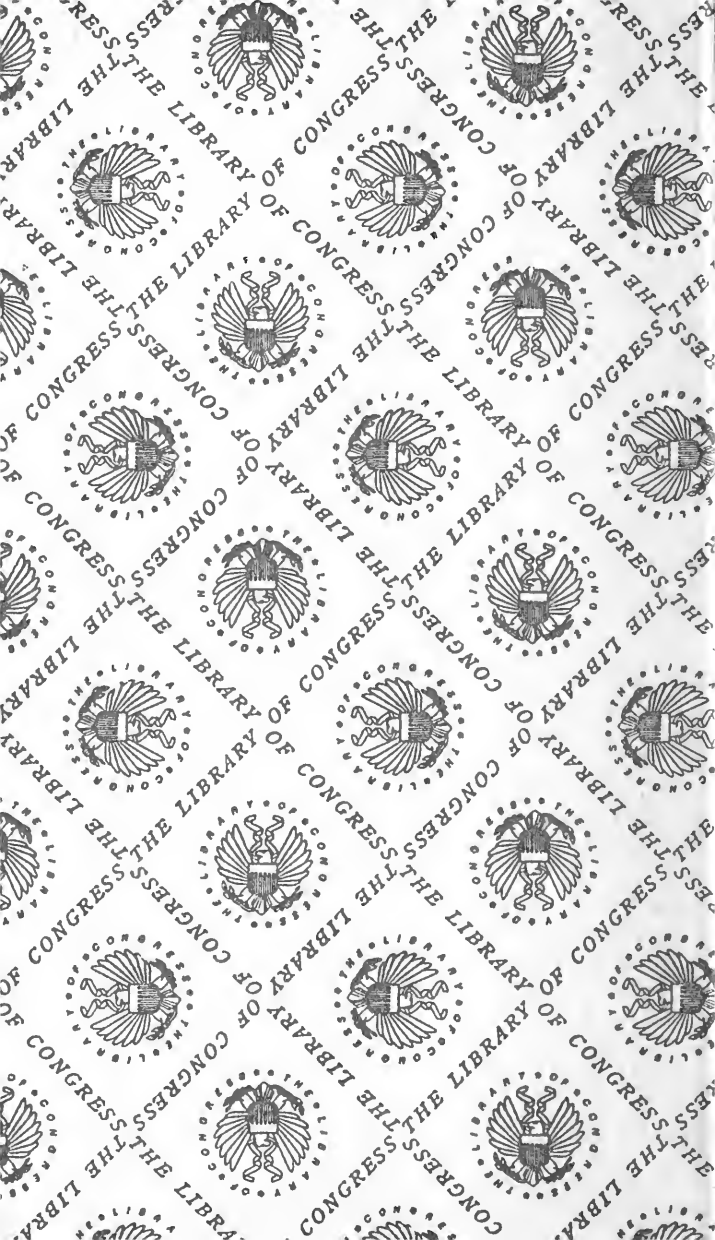
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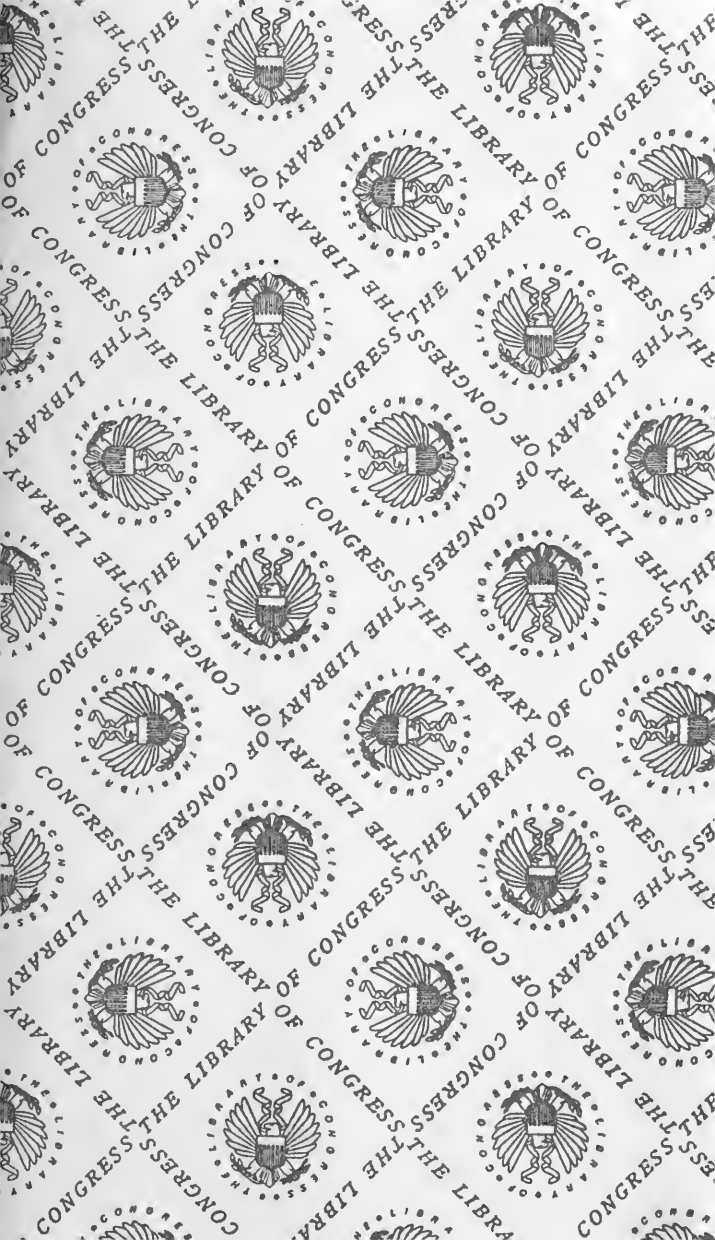
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LYRICAL POEMS
LUCY LYTTTELTON





✓ LYRICAL POEMS BY
LUCY LYTTELTON ✓

Mrs. Lucy Blanche (Lyttelton) Masterman



PORTLAND MAINE
THOMAS B MOSHER
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AS one that keeps an unbeleaguered wall,
From his unthreatened post beholds each day
Others go shouting down the road away
Unto the battle, hears the bugle call
Others to arms, and still the days go by
And none requires him, till one morning red
He hears the clatter of the courier's tread,
His captain's voice with a new meaning cry.
Then from the wall he takes his virgin spear,
Girds him with trembling fingers for a fray
Long imaged, long desired, after delay
Now come at last, his hour, his joy, his fear.
So from the quiet shelter of my home
I heard your voice, and at your bidding come.

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LYRICAL POEMS







QUOD SEMPER

CHILD



HAT wind is this across the
roofs so softly makes his way,
That hardly makes the wires
to sing, or soaring smokes to
sway?

WIND

I am a weary southern wind that blows the
livelong day

Over the stones of Babylon,

Babylon, Babylon,

The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.

Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal
was her state,

When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch
at every gate,

When merchant-men and boys and maids
thronged early by and late

Under the gates of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon
was great.

CHILD

Good weary wind, a little while pray let your
course be stayed,
And tell me of the talk they held and what the
people said,
The funny folk of Babylon before that they
were dead,
That walked abroad in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
Before the towers of Babylon along the ground
were laid.

WIND

The folk that walked in Babylon, they talked
of wind and rain,
Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of merchants'
loss and gain,
How such-an-one loved such-a-maid that loved
him not again
(For maids were fair in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon),
Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did com-
plain.

CHILD

But this is what the people say as on their way
they go,
Under my window in the street, I heard them
down below.

WIND

What other should men talk about five thousand years ago?
For men they were in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
That now are dust in Babylon I scatter to-and-fro.

VENI CREATOR

SPIRIT of God, Thou whose breath is the
burning flame of a fire,
Into the brazier of clay in whose crumbling
chalice I keep
Under the cumbering ashes a soul that
smoulders asleep,
Breathe though the clay should consume,
breathe, ere the embers expire.

Lest all the spirits that throng unseen in the
darkness should say,
"Surely the sentinel sleeps, for the cresset is
empty and dark.
O indifferent guard and unkind, to show for
us never a spark.
Give her no word as you pass, that gives us
no light on our way."

A VISION

O WHO are these that gather above the
glassy sea?

These are dead men rising, each in his degree.
These are dead men rising to hear their God's
decree,
For Time is done.

"Stand forth, David Morgan, in winter tempests
lost."

But there came no answer from all the starry
host.

God spake in heaven above the banners crossed
And trumpets blown.

"Bring him from the ocean, from the bitter
wave and bare,

Search the Bay of Biscay from Ushant to Finis-
terre.

Lapped in ocean tangle you shall find him there,
Fathoms down.

"Where is Owen Griffiths?" Broken and
alone

Crushed he lies in darkness beneath Festiniog
stone.

"Bring his broken body before me to the throne
For a crown.

“ Oftentimes in secret in prayer he came to me.
Now to men and angels I know him openly.
I that was beside him when he came to die
Fathoms down.

“ And, Evan Jones, stand forward, whose life was
shut in gloom,
And a narrow grave they gave you 'twixt marble
tomb and tomb.
But now the great that trod you shall give you
elbow room
And renown.

“ From the iron cavern, from the bitter tide,
Yea I call my chosen to the marriage of the
Bride.
Up the steep of heaven I call them to my side,
And to my throne.”

A JAPANESE WIDOW

YESTEREVE was the fight, and though
far is the alien ocean
Where the battleships meeting smote, and
thundered, and sank :
Though round the staggering hulls the wind is
roaring in tempest,
Swift is the flight of a soul, soon will the dead
be at home.

Seemly in porcelain dishes are set the branches
I gathered,
Where by the window the almond tosses her
blossoming boughs,
Duly the tablets are graved, and the smoke of
the offering rises,
And by the doorway the lamp shines through
the storm like a star.

What is the shape white-winged that is sailing
slow by the window?
Only the stork that is flying home to his mate
in the reeds.
Lo! as lonely I sit, stirring the slumbering
embers,
How my desolate heart leaps like a flame in
my breast!

Is it but under the storm that the bamboos
rustle and shudder?

.
Stand, O ye Mighty, away from the savour till
he be refreshed,

For the warrior-spirit, weary with flight o'er the
ocean,

Entered but now in your midst. The dead, my
dead, has come home !

THE MYSTIC

THROUGH all the day our loads we bear,
By common highways we must go,
And when at night, we rest, we hear
The Voice again, whereby we know
Through all the rush of hurrying feet
ONE walked beside us in the street.

Then wide your spirit's casement fling,
Your censer fill and lift it high !
Behold its flame is flickering
Because a Wind is blowing nigh ;
Look forth, and see a Shadow fall
Upon the common roadside wall.

"Folly !" the world may say ; "We name
Your vision empty phantasy.
What is the flicker of a flame
A wandering shadow passing by ?"
But we, we know who went unseen
Our censer and the world between.

O ye that walk this dusty place,
Whose spirit in the clamour reels,
Whose ears are filled with nothingness,
Unmeaning drone of endless wheels.
Come walk with us, and you shall learn
Whose hands their mighty axles turn.

'T is but our nightly way we tread
With dizzy brain and bruised feet,
While clouds of dust all fiery red
Sweep to the sunset up the street,
Yet the gloom quivers. Hush ! and hark !
Who was it called us from the dark ?

INNOCENTS' DAY

“O, WHERE do you come from, children, children,
Children of the flying hair and shining visage
white?”

“O, the evening skies were riven,
And we tumbled out of heaven,
And we run the winter meadows till the coming
of the light.”

“What names are ye called by, children, children?

Above your empty cradles what mother sits
forlorn?”

“No mother's voice we knew
And no mother's breast we drew,
And for names, we never bore them, for we
died ere we were born.”

“What have ye forsaken, children, children,
To run in furrowed meadows where the winter
winds are cold?”

“We have left in heaven high
Where the mighty angels fly
Our places on the shining steps of Mary's
throne of gold.”

“And how will ye return, my children, children?
dren?

O little-winged and naked limbed, ye cannot
fly so far.”

“O, the good St. John will spread
His mantle wide and red,
And lift us through the morning and beyond
the morning star.

He will lift us to the gate where the mighty
angels wait,
And we shall play their feet among another long
year through.

For to-night, to-night alone,
Forsake we Mary's throne
To run the earth a little while, the earth we
never knew.”

A WITCH'S SONG

SAITH the bringer of dreams when the day-
light was hidden

And over the beeches the round moon arose,
"Out of the shades where the strawberries redden,
Out of the leaves where the flowers uncloze,
From the green glades where rose-petals, driven
By whispering breezes, fall scented and white,

What shall I bring you,

O what shall I sing you

Out of the shadows of midsummer even,
Out of the darkness of midsummer night?

"From the tall trees shall I bring for your
dreaming

Ripple and throb of the nightingale's song,
Or from still lakes shall I gather the gleaming
Shimmers and spreads where the wind goes
along?

Shall I bring stars for you out of high heaven
Garland the moonbeams to make you delight?

What shall I bring you

O what shall I sing you

Out of the shadows of midsummer even,
Out of the darkness of midsummer night?

"Or shall I seek where forgetfulness covers
Songs of old revellers, shouts of old strife,

Flame of spent torches and vows of dead lovers,
Clatter of gallopers riding for life?
Swiftly make choice, for the morning is breaking,
Dreams are swift-pinioned, soon lost in delay.

What shall I bring you,

O what shall I sing you?

Soon dries the dew when the sun is awaking,
Who can be dreaming when once it is day?"

DREAM GARDEN

ENCOMPASSED round about with mighty
walls,

'Twixt mill and market all the working day,
Our spirits labour till the darkness falls,
When none may work and every soul can stray

Into the garden still beneath the sky
Slumbrous and full of shades that never stir,
Where glassy streams are moving silently
Through dreaming lotus and red persichier,

Where sings no bird in any tangled brake,
Nor ever breeze among the branches moves,
Where heavy headed lilies, half-awake
Fill with their perfume all the orange groves.

The souls of sleeping men awake in dreams,
On level pinions drift across those glades,
And drink and dip their hands in voiceless
streams

That glimmer under the unwavering shades,

And there the lonely are in company
And view with quiet and a dimmed surprise,
Between the heartease and the rosemary,
The souls of unforgotten dead arise.

And in the midst a pillar stands to read
"Here are all wrongs forgot, all bonds released."
O Spirits sapphire-winged and slumber freed,
All tangles are undone, all burdens eased !

All cries made quiet ; here are found again
Wrath-sundered friends, for here all wrath is
still.

Strife and misconstruing are far and vain,
And things despaired of compassed here at will.

Night in the gulf the wheels of night have stayed
And sleep the gate of amethyst unbārs,
And round our borders are arrayed
The everlasting armies of the stars.

VOX INFIRMITATIS

NOT for our soon-forgotten day,
Not that our looks are slow and blind,
That Thou hast set the mountain way
For lame and stumbling feet to find,
In hands too small hast lain the sword —
Not for our weakness spare us, Lord.

But for our single day of might,
When, long remote, the tempests blow,
The hidden altar flames to sight,
And high the immortal beacons show.
When these great hours shall lie forgot,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare us not.

Have mercy, when the glassy tide
Stirs not the stiller haven's sleep;
Our coward prayers be then denied,
The harbour with Thy surges sweep,
And hale into the clamorous seas
The ships that shelter there at ease.

Now in mine hour of strength I cry
The unfettered soul's discerning prayer;
Though pain and fear his company,
Thy living burden grant me bear.
When weakness shall the words unsay,
O Thou that hearest, turn away.

O Giver of the burning dream
To things of clay that fall in dust,
Since for no merit fell the gleam,
Neither for strength we hold the trust,
Not for unworthiness deny
The armour and the battle-cry.

ALADDIN

“**N**EW *lamps for old lamps.*”

Who is it crying by the door?
While the feet of the women move softly
On the smooth of the cedarwood floor.
The Indian slaves are bringing amber
And the black slaves come with gold,
While the white slaves pour for me diamonds
Who cries “New lamps for old?”

“*New lamps for old lamps.*”

Like flowers on a winter-dry thorn
My palaces blossom on the desert
Who would go crying in the morn?
For the wizard goes the hard way and lonely
While here there is pleasure manifold.
But the feet of the young men follow after
Who cries “New lamps for old.”

THE BLACK MADONNA

I HAVE no memory of my first name.
Cybele was I when men built this place,
And set me here and ringed me round with flame
And incense blew in gusts across my face.
Mary they name me now, but still the same
Sorrows are poured before me for my grace.

Amid the colours waning and dim gold
I watch the women from my marble throne
Shuffle across the pavement as of old
And kneel upon the same knee-dinted stone,
Crying : "Thy love abides and grows not cold.
Mother, have pity upon us, thine own."

Then they recount an age-long litany :
My love forgets me ; mine is oversea ;
My son is sick ; no son at all have I ;
Age overtakes me, Mother succour me ;
Be near me in my travail ; — when I die ;
Our crops are thin, replenish field and tree.

And so they pray and patter home again.
O griefs unchanging while the long years run !
O many prayers and sorrows told in vain !
My hands lie still and I am still a stone.
Does any hear and ease them of their pain ?
Or are they succourless till life be done ?

TENEBRÆ

(*In Victoria Street*)

THE short day wanes, the sunset fills the sky
With distant flare of pyre or festival,
The town is amber, bronze, chalcedony,
The windows flash upon the upper wall.
But as a grave laid open, down below
In a grey shadow the grey people move.
Suddenly, from a tower amid the glow,
The great bell tolls above,
And in the mastering sound
The trivial clamors of the day are drowned.

*Remember ye the dead,
Whose hidden graves ye tread,
Whose words are dumb, whose dust is blown
abroad.
O, soon to join the thronging, shadowy horde,
Unchronicled, unseen, unpitied,
Pray for the dead !*

The sun is quenched, the lighted windows close,
And blank as dead men's faces stand the walls.
Peal upon peal, with ringing passionate blows,
Upon the iron town their hammer falls.
It seems to shatter our low skies, and bring
The stars beyond the smoke before our sight,

The silence that engulfs our questioning,
The challenge of the night
Our dust-bound souls to rend,
Crying: Remember, God, the darkness, and the
end.

*Remember ye the dead,
O hearts uncomforted !
From sin and aspiration and despair,
Secular sorrow, momentary care,
Turn, turn your souls whither their souls are sped,
Pray for the dead !*

THE DEAD SAILOR

IN the churchyard green why have you laid me,
Under the tower where the great bells swing,
Where from the unshaken elms that shade me
The blacks rooks sail upon level wing.

I will go down when the night is falling
Through the barley that rustles like foam
Till I hear the galloping surges calling
The dusty soul of the sailor home.

Past the wicket and through the heather,
Over the turf that is stiff with brine,
Then two old friends will be met together
And the breath and gulf of the sea be mine.

Then I will dance where the sunlight quivers,
Rise and fall with the curl of the wave,
Laugh while they race up a thousand rivers
And boom and hiss in a thousand caves.

And, when the saffron of eve grows paler,
I will go whisper on Yarmouth shore
Where a woman waits for her son a sailor,
And looks for a ship that comes no more.

RONDEL OF LONDON

TO-DAY I spake with souls that journeyed by.
Here in the street they touched me as they
passed.

Sorrow and Hope and Terror flying fast,
Life soon to bud, or, withering, soon to die.

And many more with troubled, speechless eye
Into my heart their timeless question cast.
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by
Here in the street they touched me as they
passed.

The spires consumed in sunset, ceaselessly
The traffic surged with sob and trumpet blast.
Dusty, ensnared, immortal, driven fast
They raised their faces to the evening sky.—
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by.

A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS

OUT in the empty desert all alone,
Blown by the winds and lapped by waves
of grass,

There stands beneath the unseeing skies a stone,
Where nevermore the foot of man shall pass.

Set up to mark the grave of one that died

Long years ago, whereon may be descried
In signs to all but human eyes unknown :

*Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.*

Here come the deer, because the grass is sweet ;

The wounded bird, because the shadow thrown
Shelters its aching body from the heat ;

And here a thousand flying seeds are blown,
And after growth and blossom, here they die,
Even as he whose bones beneath them lie.

Of men to read the writing comes not one :

*Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.*

The busy hands that did this carving make,

The eyes that wept, the voices that made
moan

Long respite from their grief and labors take ;

Their tears are dry, their lamentation done.

The stars, like jewels on a banner spread,
Are borne to other battles overhead ;
Still cries the grave, taunting oblivion :
Faithful is God, for He remembereth ;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.

SONG OF REVOLUTION

O YE who from your palaces keep rule in
force and fear,

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

For words of peace we spake our woes, our
words ye would not hear.

(And it's *Swords!* and let God defend the
right!)

We prayed to dwell where we had built, to
reap where we had sown.

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

Our answer was your soldiery, that laughing
rode us down.

(And it's *Swords!* and let God defend the
right!)

Ye may slay us, the forerunners, with the victory
unwon,

(Hear the people muster in the night!)

Ye cannot slay the nation, and our children
follow on,

Crying, "*Swords!* and let God defend the
right!"

Sleep soundly oh! our children and wake
mighty in the morn,

(Hear the people muster in the night !)
For our hour it is midnight, but yours shall be
the dawn,
When the sword shall be sheathed from the
fight.

THE SPHINX

ERE days were days upon the earth
The Lord Almighty laid His hand.
I rose an everlasting hill,
And round my feet I felt the sand.
I felt upon my sightless brows
The child-winds leaning in their play,
Felt the first ripple of the Nile
Slip through my stones its seaward way.

Some came and shaped me brows and breast.
They gave me hearing, lips, and eyes.
I heard the clanging of their gongs,
Smelt savour of their sacrifice.
I saw the kings in golden prow
Row with the flood to crown or bride,
I heard the wailing when they came
Back to the tomb, against the tide.

There passed a word between the winds.
They stirred the plains beyond the West.
The sands rose high behind my head,
The sands surged up against my breast.
The two waves meeting on my brows,
I waited, hidden in my place,
Till man remembered me again
And swept the sand from off my face.

Now Nile is far, and knows me not,
The desert sands remorseless rise,
My head is battered by the men
That used to make me sacrifice.
I lift my smitten brows and wait.
Men pass as prints of summer rain.
Nile will remember and return
To flow before my feet again.

UT CARO INFIRMA

KEEP, O my heart, the lifted road,
Unsoiled and silent and remote,
Where, if the mists about me float
They stir with whisperings of God.

Yet tread my feet, the dusty way,
The common highway filled with men;
Give back, mine eyes, their looks again
And touch, my hands, their hands all day.

Ah God! that cloud on cloud should roll
Down 'twixt the human eyes and me.
That darkness in the day should be,
Dust in the pathways of the soul.

BEFORE SLEEP

LAY by, lay by, the viol and the bow,
Carry away the wine cup and the feast,
Cover the lights and bid the singers go,
At last, at least,
Set wide the window, let the night winds blow.

Behold the moon beyond the garden rim
Pearl-browed, amid obscuring clouds ascend,
Filling the sky with wings of cherubim
To hover and befriend,
Great pinions spread above the meadows dim.

Yet we that have been merry are afraid.
Pity of God ! O patient Heart of Christ !
That see'st how easily we are dismayed,
Do Thou keep tryst,
And in the ultimate terror give us aid.

A RIDING SONG

AS I was riding through the woods, a-riding
in the rain,

Within the dripping hawthorn brake a bird
began to sing ;

But could not call my thoughts from her I once
besought in vain,

Long, long ago in the spring.

As I was riding through the dark, a-riding in
the West,

I saw the roses by the gate ungathered in the
moon.

There it was she answered me, with roses in her
breast,

Long, long ago in the noon.

As I was riding by the church, a-riding by the
wall,

“Surely,” I said, “the strife is done, ’t was
long ago she died.”

I could not find her grave to bless among the
grasses tall !—

Still, from the dead am I denied !

FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE

SILENCE and chill ; the beeches stand aflare
'Twixt pallid elm and pine no years despoil.
The golden bracken rusts, and sere and bare
The chilling brambles coil.

Upon the burnished footing of a glade,
Thin as a smoke a phantom shape arose,
Who peered and muttered as a man dismayed
"Where are my foes?"

Another flickered by his side, who said,
"Brother, be comforted, thy foes are gone,
Sailed from us long ago and left their dead.
For I was one.

"Our ways are done, our battles at an end
Conquest nor overthrows, delights nor grieves,
Let us lie down again as friend with friend
Under the leaves."

I heard no more. The branches dripped, the sun
Sank without flames and closed an autumn day.
While through the mist the dead leaves one by
one
Flutter into decay.

EVEN UNTO THIS DAY

“Wee unto you, for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers; for they indeed kill them, and ye build their sepulchres. Therefore . . . the blood of all the prophets which was shed from the foundation of the world . . . shall be required of this generation.”

THE souls of all that combated
The cowardice and ease of man

In power girt and garlanded
From their high thrones the nations scan.
And watch their children in the fray,
The prophets of a later day,
Wage the old war in the old way.

Who neither prize nor strive at all
To win the goal of all men's feet;
But hear the tempest by the wall
Cry, and at end of every street
See dawns arise and days expire,
And many a flame of lifted fire,
Thereto to turn all men's desire.

Then runs a word men's converse through;
“Behold the garnished grave of each
Prophet of old our fathers knew,
Martyrs, in death their truths they teach!

While those they slew arise unstayed
 Through storm and star and sphere on high,
 Where in perpetual light arrayed,
 Like well-loved dead in memory,
 The seers of old in glory shine :
 And foremost he whose earthly shrine
 In death they did incarnadine.

And thus they do, and on the stone
 Of him that troubled men of yore
 They leave the dead to die alone
 And feast and market as before,
 And proud and well-content they say
 "Surely we have done well to-day,
 These led the ignorant astray."

Till at the last there comes a cry :
 "These men blaspheme, and are we dumb?
 Have we not heard the blasphemy?
 Bring them to our old prophet's tomb.
 Choke in the dust the words they said,
 And on the stone their blood be shed,
 Atonement to the offended dead."

Cleave to the mighty men of old,
 Nor heed the mocking manifold
 Of late-born babblers overbold."

"Yea," saith the prophet, "even so
 Their scars and sorrows are the same
 As we, too, suffered long ago,
 Ah, God ! ah, God ! that with the name
 Of swordsmen in the self-same fray
 The priests and champions of decay
 Silence our children still to-day.
 "Come, take your rest. But nevermore
 Till Time and man together cease
 Shall cease the everlasting war,
 For treaty or for armistice,
 For loser's cry or victor's wreath,
 'Twixt fear and truth and dust and breath,
 Fire and the darkness, life and death."

THE CRY OF THE SLAIN

WHAT is the cry that breaks in on our
sleeping?

Who is it coming to trouble our rest?

Coming to bear us away to the city,

Crying our graves are apart and unblest?

Is not our blood more than oil of anointing?

Bullet-scored rocks than the shade of a dome?

More than the fairest of marble engraven,

Praise of our country and tears of our home?

Are not the tears that our comrades prayed o'er

us,

While the shrill bullet sped fierce on its way,

More than the blessings a stranger can give us,

More than the prayers that unmenaced ye

pray?

Leave us to lie where the bullet has laid us,

Valley or field or on barren hillside,

Deep in the trench that we dug and defended,

Out on the plain where we suffered and died.

CRADLE SONG

HILLS and valleys are resting,
Stars shine bright overhead,
Flights of angels are watching,
Round my little one's bed.

Lo ! the breezes have blown thee
Dreams that await by the pane,
Turn thee over and sleep my heart,
Or they will be gone again.

Turn thee over and sleep,
The dreams are flocking and trooping,
This is the tale of the dreams
That await thy eyelids drooping.

A Queen with a crown of silver,
A King with a crown of gold,
A hundred laughing playmates,
Meadows that spread and unfold.

In a boat that is made of rose leaves,
On a long blue rippling river,
That flows for ever and ever,
Four white pigeons shall draw thee,
Four more flutter before thee,
Four wee goldcrests steer thee,
More be hovering near thee,

Down by meadowlands gliding,
 Thou shalt hear fairies singing,
 Thou shalt hear bluebells ringing,
 Birds shall stoop to thy finger,
 Sounds at thy bidding linger! —
 Low droops the eyelid and lower,
 Soft comes the breathing and slower! —
 Baby has dropped asleep.
 Open the window wider,
 Let the dreams fly in,
 Come and nestle beside her.

SIMON THE CYRENEAN

*"And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene,
Simon by name ; him they compelled to bear his cross."*

THIS is the tale from first to last ; —
Outside Jerusalem

I saw them lead a prisoner past

With thorns for diadem.

Broken and weak and driven fast

He fell at my garment's hem.

There stood no other stranger by

On me they laid his load.

The Cross whereon he was to die

I bore along the road,

I saw him nailed, I heard him cry

Forsaken of his God.

Now I am dead as well as he,

And, marvel strange to tell

But him they nailed upon the tree

Is Lord of Heaven and Hell.

And judgeth who doth wickedly

Rewardeth who doth well.

He has given to me the beacons four,
A Cross in the southern sky,

In token that his Cross I bore
In his extremity ;
For one I never knew before
The day he came to die.

THREE YEARS AGO

THREE years ago her lover died, and grief
Is silenced, not oblivious of the past,
But pain persistent made her numb at last.
Death looms beyond blank years of trodden leaf,
But if no longing howsoever brief,
Backward into the time of joy be cast,
She can endure each moment as the last
Gleaned from the dust to make a withered sheaf.
Therefore she fills the minutes as they fall
With busy nothings, runnings to and fro,
Aimless activities perpetual.
So shall the seasons unrecorded go
And passing of the days memorial
Like feet of mourners muted in the snow.

SONG OF AUTOLYCUS

WHEN hedgerow oaks are tipped with red,
With hey ! the hollyhock tops the wall !
When seven rings the sun to bed
And yellow leaves do singly fall.

When eve with fog doth cloke the sedge,
With hey ! for the round moon ripe and gold !
On those must sleep beside the hedge
The autumn dewdrops trickle cold.

When parson prays to spare the rain,
With hey ! for harvest and fellowship !
And reapers drink beside the wain,
'T is hard, but I may get a sip.

MARINER'S SONG

IN and out of the garden-maze
(Hear the waves, the tide is full),
The lovers walked in the sodden ways
(Love, let me go).

"Why do you press towards the gate?"
(Hear the waves, the tide is full),
"The new moon sinks and the time is late"
(Love, let me go).

"The tall ship waits with her wings spread wide
(Hear the waves, the tide is full),
"And mariners serve the changing tide"
(Love, let me go).

"There are havens eastward and havens west
(Hear the waves, the tide is full),
"But havens none for my heart to rest"
(Love, let me go).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT MID-
NIGHT

DEAD men, whose heavy ashes here we hide,
Not yours, I think, the ghosts to stir this
shade.

But comes he never that this Abbey made
Whose name we know not, neither how he died.

Princes and kings that gave their gold in pride
Lie still enough, nor stir themselves at all;
But he that hung these arches up so tall
Should sometimes wish to see how they abide.

Now, while his pillars all stand sentinel,
While for one hour the city thunders sleep,
In some still shadow surely he must wait,

To fade at dawn contented, for that still
Darkness and silence in their vigil keep
This his immortal shrine inviolate.

THE HARVESTER OF SORROWS

IS it the wind beats the window
With rain and with branches riven?
Or is it the Harvester of sorrows
Passing by on his journey to heaven?
Once, men say, he journeyed radiant,
All held his errand for a little thing,
But now his wings are torn with the bitter burden
borne
The tale of the whole earth's sorrowing.

*Therefore, since he is worn and overladen
We will take fire, fire to make a sign,
A light that the Lord shall see in Heaven,
Pour out the oil for us and cleave the pine.
We will have fire, fire for a token
A message of the lives and bodies broken
Bring fire.*

If we bring lamps for our shining
How shall it tell of our grief?
If we lift torches for our signing
How shall it bring us relief?
For festival, for war they show,—for sorrow
Surely for her a redder beam is shed.
And a light that none shall cover, Time's gulf
to shine over
Must be with a dearer fuel fed.

Bring fire.

*Therefore, O Heart of Youth, be swift to kindle,
Therefore, O Flame, our Cloven Flame of old,
That art not overcome, though thou mayst dwindle
Into our withered thoughts, our spirits cold,
Therefore bring fire, fire to make a token,
Yea, hearts consumed the price of many broken*

A CRY ON CALVARY

“Is there no man of you so merciful,
Not one of all the men that pass me by
Will bring a little drop my lips to cool?”
A cry on Calvary.

But all men wagged their heads and passed afar,
Nor heeded alien wretches crucified
That bled and suffered upon Golgotha
Or ever Jesus died.

On unavailing roods their blood was poured
And all the world unholpen of their death.
Poor nameless, countless, unremembered horde
Whom no man pitieth.

EVENING HYMN IN A CITY

THE lengthening shadows of the night

Across our streets and spaces lie,

And God brings down His Infinite

To man within the circling sky,

Ere daylight's latest gleam departs

Father we turn to Thee our hearts.

The dim church arches rising high

Shut in a quiet place to pray

Against the drone and clang and cry

That fills the city through the day.

Our work at end, ere night begin

Lord make our spirits still within.

We pray Thee Lord the darkness bless

To be to those in pain relief,

A hindrance unto wickedness

A respite to the mourner's grief.

That all men may be strong when day

Calls us again to work and pray.





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